

DEATHBED WILL IS CONTESTED BY CAPT. CANTON

Trained Nurse Tells Two Stories of How Document Was Signed.

\$50,000 IS INVOLVED.

Veteran of the Civil War Demands Money Left to Niece and Nephew.

Decision was reserved to-day by Surrogate Fitzgerald in the will of Mrs. Susan Canton, wife of Capt. Canton, who died at their residence, No. 208 East Sixteenth street, Feb. 6 last, leaving an estate of about \$50,000.

By her will, executed on the morning of the day on which she died, Mrs. Canton cut off her husband without a cent and also failed to remember two waters in Ireland. She named as her heirs her niece, Emily Randall, an actress, and her nephew, John Hemenstall, whom she also named as executor.

Capt. Canton is a well-known figure in Irish military circles in this city. He went to the Civil War in 1861 as a captain in the Sixty-ninth Regiment, and was breveted Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Colonel. At the close of the war he was appointed a Trial Judge in South Carolina. In 1880 he returned to this city, where he was admitted to the bar and has since practiced law here. He is seventy-nine years old.

May Rosely Traub, a trained nurse, who was a witness to the will, testified that she was called to attend Mrs. Canton the day before her death by Dr. Peter H. Ernst and found her suffering from pneumonia and in a dying condition. The will was executed at 7 o'clock in the morning while Capt. Canton was asleep in a room above that occupied by his wife, he having remained up with his wife until midnight the previous day. She said Miss Randall and Hemenstall were with their aunt and said she wanted to make a will.

Hemenstall called in a man named Jackson, she said, and took the will from an envelope. "I saw," said Mrs. Traub, "Miss Randall said to Mrs. Canton, 'Auntie, this is your will. Do you want to give all your property to John and me?' and Mrs. Canton said, 'Yes, one-half to you and one-half to John.'"

The will was then explained to Mrs. Canton, and she was asked to sign it. I asked her if she could sign the will, and she said she could not. I then put her up with words and steadied her by putting my hand to her back. The will was then handed her and she signed it. Jackson and I then signed the will.

After Frank A. Patterson, who appeared for Capt. Canton, who contested the will on the ground that it was executed while his wife was of unsound mind, and under the undue influence of her nephew and niece, contested the will. Mrs. Traub, with an affidavit made by her prior to the trial, in which she said that Mrs. Canton was suffering from lobular pneumonia, and so ill and weak she could not even hold a spoon in her hands; that she was delirious and continued so at times until she died.

She further stated in her affidavit that the will was brought in to the court room at 7 o'clock, at 2 P. M., by either Miss Randall or Hemenstall. "I warned both of them," said Mrs. Traub, in the affidavit, "that if they were a sick woman, and that it would not be wise to disturb her, and that any disturbance necessary for transaction must be done in a very short time. They informed me that they wanted Mrs. Canton to make a will leaving her property to them."

Mrs. Canton was in a very low condition, I testified, and told her I had a paper in my hands which I had asked her whether she was satisfied. She murmured something. I raised her up into a sitting position, as she was not able to sit up alone.

One of the latest things in stage dress is the Monogram Skirt.

Fashion's Latest Fad Is the Monogram Skirt.



LOLA HAWTHORNE.

The very latest thing in stage dress is the Monogram Skirt.

It has been introduced to Parisian audiences and incidentally to the world by a New York actress—Miss Lola Hawthorne. She is so well known that it was not necessary to invent a new and novel garment to distinguish herself, but Miss Hawthorne attempted the invention as a diversion and has succeeded beyond her fondest hopes.

The monogram in this "monogram skirt" is artistically worked in gold thread upon a lace medallion, and stands out in striking contrast to the surrounding black chiffon, ornamented with gold sequins in sun-ray pattern.

Upon its first appearance the monogram skirt immediately found favor in Paris, and one of the leading fashion papers has announced that it has come to stay.

Therefore New York may soon expect to see it in all its glory. The effect ought to be singularly interesting. Celebrity-hunters may visit the theatres, restaurants and hotels with the assurance of easily identifying women of prominence.

Not only the beauties of the stage, but those of society as well, by the

adoption of the new style would be easily distinguished wherever they went. It would be unnecessary to know them by sight. The monogram would be the clue by which their identity would be once become known. If they desire to go about "incognito" they may simply wear something else, or conceal the monogram with a light wrap.

The arrival of an innovation by which all female celebrities may be identified immediately opens up a new line of speculation.

If the women, why not the men? The "monogram" style is one of the few of woman's fancies that man might adopt without serious inconvenience. Usually the woman suffers from men's styles with impunity, but leave little for the male sex to appropriate by way of reprisal.

Every man of prominence, or who desires to spread broadcast the impression that he is prominent, should be distinctive mark on his hat, of waistcoat, or if he prefers, have his clothing manufactured with his monogram in lieu of checks or stripes, something similar to the cartoonist idea of the plaid with the dollar mark all over its clothes.

MRS. MOTZ FORGOT WHERE SHE LIVED

Lost Her Way, but Police Found Husband and He Took Her Home.

William Motz, of No. 32 West Twelfth street, husband of Mrs. Wilhelmina Motz, who went to the East twenty-second street station last night and said she didn't know where she lived, took his wife home to-day.

The woman had been to Fort George during the evening, and returned downtown on one of the Third avenue and Amsterdam avenue cars. She left the car at Twenty-third street and Third avenue and then lost her way.

Mrs. Motz was cared for by the police during the night because she didn't know where her husband might be found. She had called at the City Lodging-house, No. 289 First avenue, before she went to the station-house, and had been advised to seek the help of the police to find out where she lived. The police at first thought the woman was ill, but she had merely forgotten the number of her house. Her husband was found by the police and he called at the station and took his wife away.

TRAILING ASSAILANTS OF MAN NEAR DEATH

(Special to The Evening World.) PLEIMINGTON, N. J., July 5.—Prosecutor George K. Latta was summoned to Milford to-day to investigate the case of Stanford Hunt, forty years old, who is hovering between life and death in a hospital. Hunt was attacked early yesterday by two men, who were being broken, he was crushed in and skull fractured.

Prosecutor Latta and Deputy Sheriff Jacob Dill left for Milford shortly before noon in an effort to trail the assailants, who are now on the loose.

BINGHAM CALLS 5-CENT SHOWS BAD

All Should Be Closed, Is His Recommendation to the Mayor.

Police Commissioner Bingham sent his latest report on the affairs of his department to Mayor McClellan to-day. He recommended that all of the licenses for five-cent shows or "nickelodeons," as they are popularly known, be revoked. He declares that all of these places are unlawful and a menace to the morals of children.

He also called attention to the "horrible" condition of the police stations in this city. He said that the majority of the stations were a menace to prisoners and policemen, and that the sleeping quarters for the men were little better than kennels. New station-houses, Gen. Bingham says in his report, would raise the tone of the department.

As a rule, when a man is better than this," writes the Commissioner, "and would risk it more than one or two persons were put into them. There are seven houses, but it is never possible to get more than one or two into commission at a time. Then they get out of commission within a week or ten days."

At present there are 9,000 men on the force, but only 824 of these available for active service. Within the past quarter four captains, eighteen lieutenants, one sergeant and thirty-eight privates have been relieved upon their own request; two lieutenants and twenty-one privates were dismissed and four privates voluntarily resigned.

PRAISE FROM OYAMA AT DINNER TO WRIGHT.

TOKYO, July 5.—Gen. Baron Kuroki, the Japanese Imperial Envoy to the Jamestown Exposition, gave a luncheon to-day in honor of Lt. Col. Wright, the American Ambassador, Field Marshal Oyama, representing the army, expressed himself in the most appreciative terms of the magnificent and enthusiastic reception accorded Gen. Kuroki and his party everywhere in the United States.

THIS CHIMPANZEE CUSSES LIKE A REAL SKIPPER

If You Don't Believe It Ask First Officer Spicer, of the St. Andrews.

When the British steamship St. Andrews, of the Phoenix line, tied up to Pier No. 7, Hoboken, to-day everybody within earshot wondered what all the weird noises spouting up from her decks could mean. Roars and screeches and staccato barks oozed out of her and before the gangplank was run out the pier was filled with curious idlers.

The strange behavior of noises was soon explained. The St. Andrews brought over from Antwerp a cargo of animals, reptiles, birds and things of the desert and jungle. It also carried a deck-load of yams about the cargo calculated to make the whole army of press agents lose their minds. The cargo is consigned to the Bronx Zoo. Anybody is welcome to the deck-load.

First Officer Spicer brought over the yams. He said he was a Democrat when the St. Andrews left Antwerp, but now he is a convert to the Prof. Garner school of monkeyology. A four-root chimpanzee, carelessly dubbed "Bill" by the crew, was the chief agent of his conversion.

Spicer confided to the reporter that the chimpanzee can talk just like folks if they get just a little college education. Spicer is anxious to have Prof. Munter, of Harvard, meet "Bill" and take his psychological bearings.

Swearing About His Breakfast. "This chimpanzee is none of your common ones," said Spicer as he led the chimpanzee to the deck. "He is a skipper. He can talk just like folks if they get just a little college education. Spicer is anxious to have Prof. Munter, of Harvard, meet 'Bill' and take his psychological bearings."

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GIRL STRUCK BY PROJECTING ROD

Flung Heavily to Pavement and May Die of Her Injuries.

Lena Tine, seven years old, of No. 48 Essex street, was struck by an iron rod extending from the rear of a wagon as it turned from Essex street to-day and so badly injured that it is feared she may die. The little girl was playing with a group of other children at the corner and did not notice her danger.

As the wagon swung around the corner the projecting iron rod caught the child across the abdomen, lifted her off her feet and flung her to the pavement heavily. The driver, James Tierney, of No. 216 East One Hundred and Ninth street, heard the little girl's scream and, jumping down from the seat, carried her to a nearby drug store.

Tierney held the child in his arms as the doctor was summoned. He called a clerk to call an ambulance from Government Hospital, but the surgeon said the little girl had probably received internal injuries. Tierney was locked up in the Eldridge street station.

GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

You pay for what you get—get what you pay for. It is an insult to your intelligence, a reflection upon your judgment, when a dealer ignoring your expressed desire for a certain article, offers something else as good.

YOUNG WOMAN ENDS LIFE WITH BROKEN GLASS

"Mary Green," Guest at a Harlem Hotel, Cuts Arteries of Both Wrists.

Refusing to reveal her identity or to give the name of friends, a young woman died in Harlem Hospital to-day after having severed the arteries of her wrists with broken glass in the Harlem Central Hotel, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Park avenue. The woman whose dress was modest and in good taste, registered at the hotel three days ago as Miss Mary Green. No one there had ever seen her before, and they believed she was a stranger in the city and had possibly come to the hotel after leaving a train at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station of the New York Central.

The woman had no callers and remained in her room almost constantly. Moans were heard coming from the room yesterday and upon investigation it was discovered she had cut the arteries of both wrists. She had lost much blood, but Dr. Bauer, who was called, did not regard her condition as serious at the time, and no report of her attempt to end her life was made to the police.

Dr. Bauer was called to see the woman again this morning. He then found her condition precarious and ordered her removed to Harlem Hospital. At the hospital the woman was questioned, but further than to say she was Mary Green she would tell nothing, even though told she was dying.

The woman became unconscious soon after arriving at the hospital and died three hours later.

At the time she slashed her wrists it was supposed she had taken poison. House Surgeon Rossano had her stomach pumped before she died, and after ward declared that she did not die from loss of blood. He would not tell whether or not a trace of poison had been found. An autopsy will be performed.

THE REV. DR. AKED TAKES STEPS TO BECOME CITIZEN

Distinguished Preacher Didn't Want Place Between Peddler and Laborer.

When the Rev. Charles Frederick Aked came to this country a few months ago to be pastor of the John D. Rockefeller church, the Fifth Avenue Baptist, he announced that it was his intention to become an American citizen at the earliest possible moment. To-day he undertook steps in pursuance of his plan.

Accompanied by a friend the famous clergyman appeared at the United States Court for the purpose of taking out his first naturalization papers. When he reached the building he found already in line a long, ragged row of aliens waiting to make their declarations. Plainly Dr. Aked was impressed with the spectacle, but he showed a disinclination to fall into line and await his turn. His place would have been immediately behind a crowd of peddlers and just ahead of a Russian day laborer.

It was suggested that a visit to Naturalization Clerk Donovan might solve the problem and save Dr. Aked the annoyance of spending an hour or two on his feet in the motley procession. The priest and his companion went to the office. Clerk Donovan accommodated his distinguished applicant promptly.

In the formal blank which he filled out the doctor stated that he was forty-two years old, born in Scotland, England, Aug. 27, 1864. He gave his height as 5 feet 11 inches and his weight 150 pounds. He described himself as having brown hair, blue eyes and a blond complexion. He gave his religious belief as Unitarian and his political belief as Anarchist. He stated that he was neither an Anarchist nor a polygamist, and that he had never practiced either. These statements were read in answer to the prescribed questions.

HUNDREDS IN PANIC ON B. R. T. TRAIN

Derailed Car "Sidewiped" Crowded Coaches From Coney—Road Blocked.

Several hundred passengers on a Brighton Beach train of the B. R. T. that left Coney Island early to-day were thrown into a panic when the five crowded cars "side-swiped" a derailed train bound for Coney Island at Emmons avenue, near Sheepskin Bay.

Phoebe Cousins Would Exile American Girl Title Hunters



EAST AURORA, N. Y., July 5.—Miss Phoebe Cousins, the woman lawyer and publicist, in a speech last night at the New Thought Convention uncoiled a vital of vitriol for the benefit of girls who seek titles.

"I would have such women declared exiles and I would like to see their property confiscated by the Government, leaving them just enough on which to live decently," she declared.

"I think the most disgusting sight of the present day is that of rich American women running around in Europe trying to sell themselves to frayed dukes and pauper lords. They are encouraging the very thing our forefathers fought

against, and by their actions they are turning this country into a big spawning ground to furnish the wretched for the propagation of the principles against which we rebelled in the Revolution."

"I am told on good authority that every rich American girl is married from the moment of her birth by some matrimonial agent in Europe. These despicable agents have a lot of scornful nooses on their stipes, and they devote their time to planning matches between physical and financial ruins and our rich women."

But the women wouldn't be caught unless they wanted to be. They are blinded by fool titles that mean nothing, and they prostitute their patriotism by forming alliances with creatures who are not worthy of being called men."

Miss Macdonald is now a bride. Camille Clifford, becomes Mrs. Edward Selden.

Although every effort has been made to keep the matter a secret, it was learned last night that Margaret Glen Macdonald, prima donna of "The Mayor of Toxio" company, and Edward Dudley Selden, son of the late Samuel Colt Selden, were married a few days ago and will shortly sail for Europe for a long honeymoon.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alfred W. H. Hodder, of No. 70 Ocean avenue, Flatbush. Miss Macdonald met Mr. Selden through her chum, Camille Clifford, who, some months ago married Lord Aberdare in London.

Inspector McCafferty cabled to United States Consul Skinner at Marseille, France, yesterday urging him not to be bluffed by Paul Sarkasian, the Armenian, who was arrested there for the murder of the priest, Father Kaspar Varian, whose body was discovered in a trunk on Seventh avenue.

Consul Skinner, called at the Detective Bureau, where he had made a statement implicating two other men, but had denied that he was in any way implicated in the crime. McCafferty advised the Consul that the man's movements had been traced from this city, immediately after the murder, to Montreal, where he lived at No. 161 Antoine street, and thence to France.

The funeral of Mrs. Catherine N. McBride, which the priest died death, was held to-day at her late residence, No. 470 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street this afternoon, was held up until the Coroner's office has made an investigation as to the cause of death.

The dead woman was the wife of Walter McBride, said to be a travelling salesman. She died Wednesday at her home. She had been attended by Dr. Merrigan, of One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street and Kingsbridge road. The Police Commissioner has received a letter signed "Justice," which was evidently written by a person familiar with the McBride family. The writer told the Commissioner to investigate Mrs. McBride's death and hold up the funeral if necessary.

DESERTED WIFE SET HERSELF ON FIRE, SAY POLICE

Mrs. Sarah Berkman Fatally Burned While Little Son Looked On.

FOUGHT HER RESCUERS.

Clothes and Hair Burned Off Before Neighbors Could Stifle Flames.

Sarah Berkman, a pretty woman of twenty-four, was found by neighbors running about the hallway of her home, No. 82 Hollow street, to-day at dawn, her clothing and hair in flames. Her son, a child of two and one-half years, stood in a corner of the hall and watched the flames.

How Mrs. Berkman caught fire is a mystery, but the belief is that she set fire to herself in an effort to end her life because of grief at being separated from her husband.

The husband and wife parted only a short while ago, he going to live with his parents at No. 4 Tenth street. The young wife sought the aid of the courts in making her husband provide for her, and a few days ago he was ordered to pay her \$4 a week.

With this small income the wife secured a little hall bedroom across the street from her husband's home, and there she took her little boy. In a corner of the cramped room she had a gasoline stove on which she was doing her cooking.

Mrs. Berkman was up when the rest of the household was sleeping this morning. Why she should have risen so early has not been explained. She also aroused her son and dressed him fully.

Running in front of the house, Special Policeman Goldberg saw Mrs. Berkman flames from head to foot. Goldberg was joined by Morris Gordon, who lives in the house, and the two ran to the woman's assistance. Not once had she screamed, but agony was pictured on her face.

As the men approached the woman ran toward her little son and held him in her arms. She was so weak that she could not hold him and he fell to the ground. She tried to follow him, but Goldberg seized her and held her. She was too weak to resist. He caught her by the arms and she fell to the ground. She was too weak to resist. He caught her by the arms and she fell to the ground.

When Dr. Driscoll came from Governor Hospital he ordered that Mrs. Berkman be taken to Bellevue. "That means she is going to die," remarked a policeman.

Mrs. Berkman was unconscious and it is not likely the police will ever know whether she planned her own suicide or whether she started accidentally.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

Cleanse and beautify the teeth and purify the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY J. H. Lyon, D.D.S.

How to Exercise the Bowels

YOUR Intestines are lined inside with millions of suckers, that draw the Nutrition from food as it passes them. But, if the food passes too slowly, it decays before it gets through. Then the little suckers draw Poison from it instead of Nutrition. This Poison makes a Gas that injures your system more than the food should have nourished it.

The usual remedy for this delayed passage (called Constipation) is to take a big dose of Castor Oil.

This merely makes slippery the passage for unloading the current cargo. It does not help the Cause of delay a trifle. It does slacken the Bowel-Muscles and weakens them for their next task.

Another remedy is to take a strong "Physic" like Salts, Calomel, Jalap, Phosphate of Sodium, Aperient Water, or any of these mixed.

This merely flushes out the Bowels with a waste of Digestive Juice, not flowing into the Intestines through the tiny suckers. Cascarets are the only safe medicine for the bowels. They do not waste any precious field of the Bowels, as "Physics" do. They do not relax the Intestines by greasing them inside like Castor Oil or Glycerine.

They simply stimulate the Bowel-Muscles to do their work naturally, comfortably, and nutritiously. They are put up in thin, flat, round-cornered Enamel boxes, so they can be carried in a man's vest pocket, or in a woman's purse, all the time.

The time to take a Cascaret is not only when you are Sick, but when you first suspect you need one. Price, 10c a box. Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "C.C.O." All druggists.



ARM-IN-A-SLUG. What a terrible Phreaker! AKA-KON-A-CRUTCH. Saw the phreaker again in the blowing Wind and the phreaker came after it.